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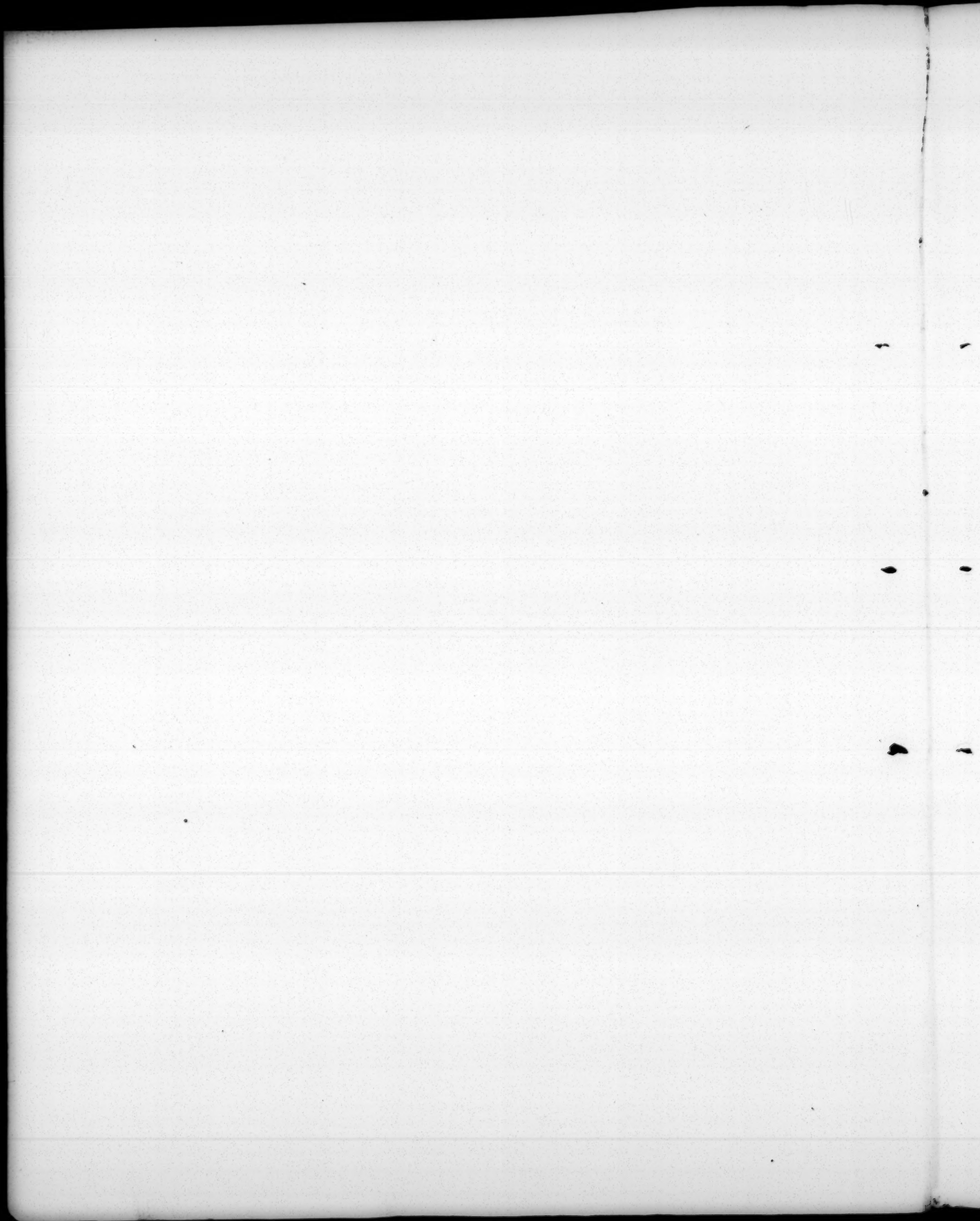
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POETICAL JUSTICE:

OR,

THE TRIAL OF A NOBLE LORD.



POETICAL JUSTICE:

O R,

5

THE TRIAL OF A NOBLE LORD,
IN THE COURT OF PARNASSUS,
FOR AN OFFENCE,
LATELY FOUND BAILABLE
IN THE COURT OF KING'S BENCH.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel
A well-bred Lord t'affault a gentle Belle?
O say, what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord?



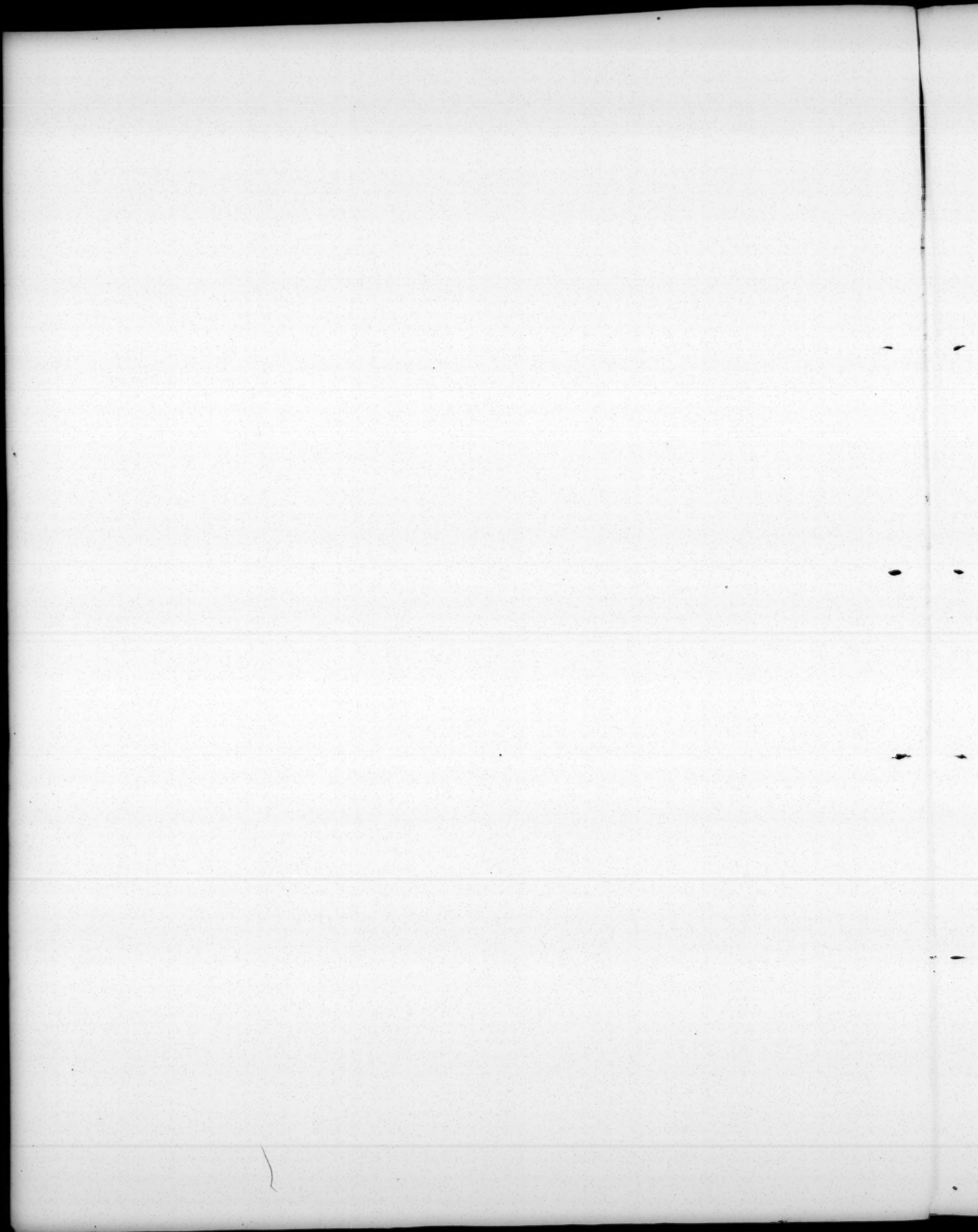
RAPE of the Lock.

L O N D O N:

PRINTED FOR J. MURDOCH, OPPOSITE THE NEW
EXCHANGE COFFEE HOUSE IN THE STRAND.

M.DCC.LXVIII.

6.



TO

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE EARL OF M****.

THE FOLLOWING LINES,

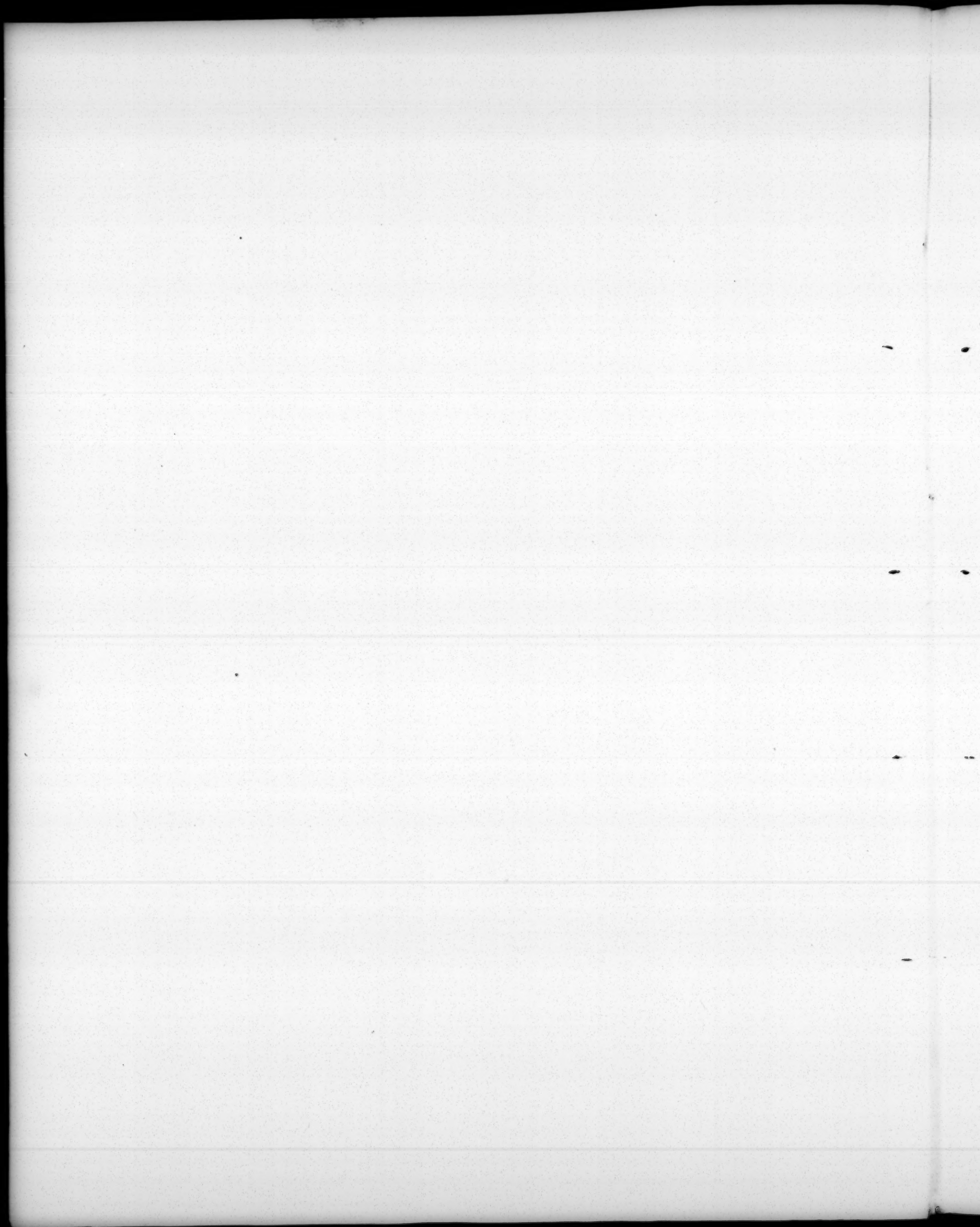
WITH THE MOST FRIENDLY DESIGN,

ARE HUMBLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS LORDSHIP'S

MOST OBEDIENT SERVANT,

ANTI-TARQUINUS.



CHIEF JUDGE,
DIANA, Goddess of CHASTITY.

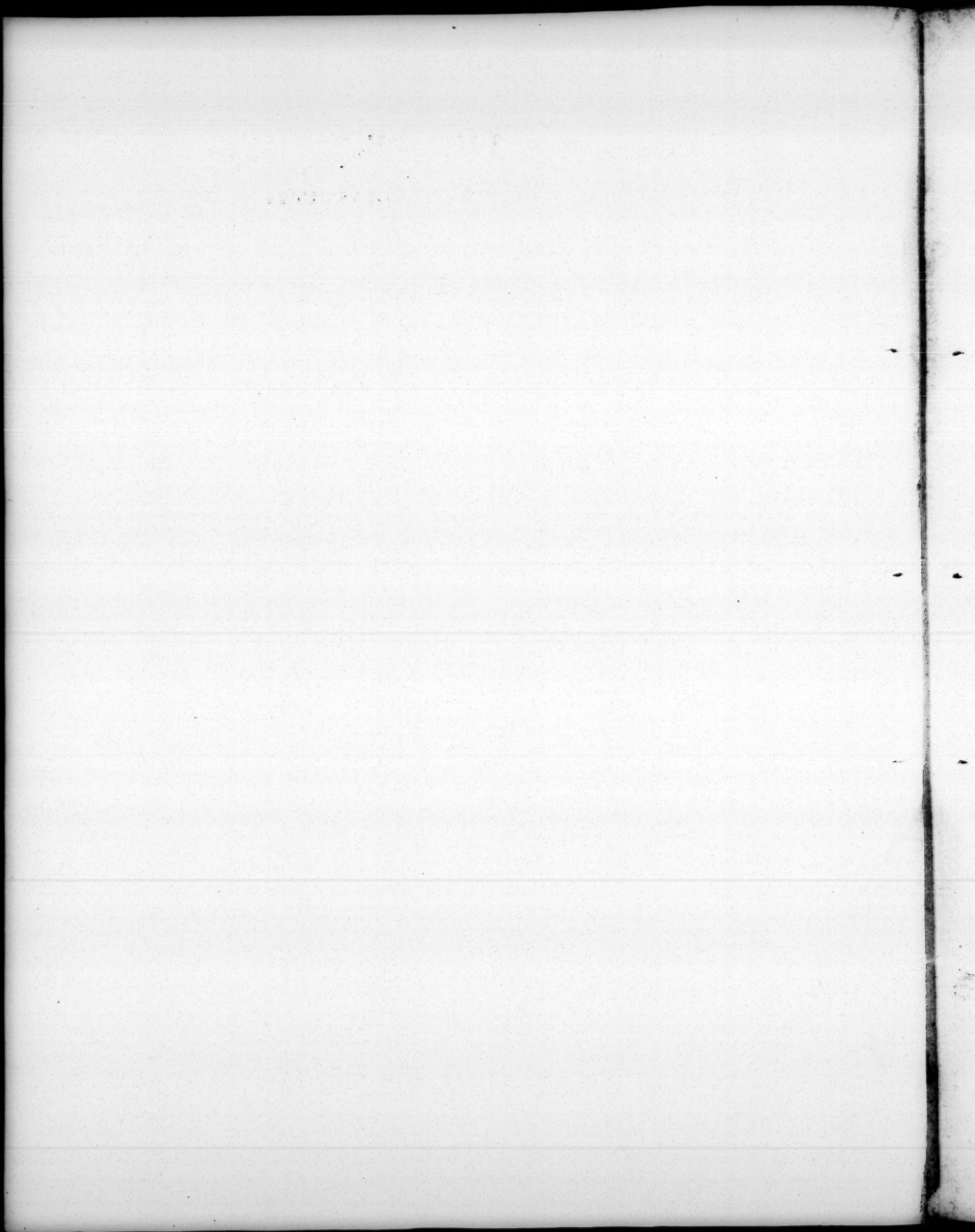
JUDGES,

AGLAIA,	}	GRACES.
THALIA,		
EUPHROSYNE,		

CALLIOPE, Chief of the MUSES.

CLIO,	}	MUSES.
ERATO,		
EUTERPE,		
MELPOMENE,		
POLYHYMNIA,		
TERPSICHORE,		
THALIA,		
URANIA,		

MERCURY, or HERMES, Messenger of the Gods.
The CULPRIT.



POETICAL JUSTICE:

O R,

THE TRIAL OF A NOBLE LORD.

OF tumults, dan Phœbus, I mean to rehearse,
Which happen'd of late in thy kingdom of verse :
I invoke thee, because a small favour I'd ask,
Which to grant me, bright Sol, is no difficult task :
Invention I beg not, my theme is no fiction,
But merely a sun-beam to polish my diction.
'Tis said, of your bays you're a niggard of late,
And rarely shine out on a votary's pate ;

However,

However, to prove this assertion a lie,
I'd have you my dearth with your plenty supply.

THUS I pray'd to the God of melodious numbers,
Before he sunk down in the west to his slumbers;
He nodded assent on the verge of a nap,
Then laid him down gently in Thetis's lap.

THUS kindly assur'd of Apollo's assistance,
I'll scribble in spite of the critic's resistance.
The story is thus, — but, good Muse, stay a little,
And let me arrange in due order each title.

THE

THE god who has wings on his shoulders and feet,
 Who in flying rude Boreas himself can defeat,
 In an uncommon hurry from London did trot,
 And arriv'd at Parnassus, with news piping hot,

That a certain great lord,
 By most folks abhor'd,
 Had ravish'd an innocent maid ;
 And nought but the law
 Could folder the flaw
 Which his noble prowess had made.

THIS intelligence scar'd them all out of their wits,
 Miss Thalia was very near falling in fits ;

But

But Erato declar'd he should surely be try'd,
 For cruelly spoiling an innocent bride.
 Proceed then, cries Hermes ;—shall I give a hollow !
 For our mighty chairman his godship Apollo ?
 Concerning Apollo, says Clio, —no rout,
 We want not his aid, for we'll try him without.
 Were Apollo to sit as a judge on a rape,
 He'd undoubtedly let the offender escape :
 For his godship, you know, is a rake and a blood :
 Poor Daphne, one day, he'd have forc'd if he cou'd ;
 And because with his will she refus'd to agree,
 He transform'd, (what a wretch !) the coy maid to a tree ;
 Which, to blind all the world, he declared a crown,
 To reward each great genius of deathless renown ;

Tho'

Tho' in his donation he gave but a curse,
 To poets his laurel, to misers his purse :
 Since his beams ripen gold for the worst to obtain it,
 How few but the meanest of mortals can gain it !
 No, no, he'll not do for a judge in this case,
 He's sometimes so rampant we all dread his face :
 He'll one time or other Parnassus enthral,
 Nay 'faith I've a notion he'll ravish us all.
 However, you may for miss Diana go,
 You'll find her, perhaps, in some forest below :
 And in your way thither, the Graces pray call,
 Euphrosyne, Thalia, Aglaia and all :
 When this is completed, to London you fly,
 And there, in some corner, this Bashaw you'll spy :

Whip

Whip him under your arm,—drag him off with dispatch,
But before you set forward, pray blindfold the wretch:
And when of the th' offender you've safely made capture,
Return with all speed to these regions of rapture.

SLY Hermes came running, and flying, and hopping,
And ended his business without ever stopping.
In Parnassus he safely arriv'd at the time
When the nymphs were assembled to try him in rhyme.

THE charge was prepar'd, the Graces were met,
The Muses all rang'd, a terrible show!

He went with impatience, and quite in a fret,—
He fretted the meaning of all this to know.

SAYS

SAYS Dian, pray hold up your hand at the bar,
 We belong to the Sun, and regard not your star:
 Come, hold up your hand then, without more denial,
 That we, with all haste, may proceed on your trial.
 Stay, stay, cries the culprit, I one thing must mention,
 Which will not occasion, I hope, much contention:
 That is, I presume, if I'm right in my senses,
 A judge and a jury are no evidences.
 Why that, to be sure, cries Diana, is true,
 But our jury must serve us for witnesses too.
 That's odd, quoth his Lordship, I needs must declare,
 And in England would make our furr'd old women stare:
 For with us, you must know, 'tis a capital law,
 That none shall declare any more than they saw.

Again !

Again! — cries the Goddess, — once more contradict,
 And we, without trouble, *nem. con.* will convict.
 You oaf, — do you think that we people celestial,
 Like you, have dull heavy conceptions terrestrial :
 Besides, when a rape has alarm'd a whole nation,
 Commend me to virgins for imagination.
 Then hold up your hand at the bar, — we'll proceed,
 To punish if guilty, — if not, you'll be freed.
 Says Hermes, dear ladies, pray let me endite him,
 I'll fairly with legal tautology fright him.
 This agreed to, 'he first gave a hem! — then a haw!
 Which, you know, is most strictly according to law.
 Then began, —

You

You culprit, it does not much matter your name,
 Being thoroughly known in the Records of shame,
 You stand here endited, that you and no other,
 The true son and heir of your father and mother,
 With weapon tremendous—in length—let me see,—
 What makes me forget!—why he shew'd it to me.*

DIANA.

FOR Heav'n's sake, Hermes, pray what do you mean?
 I believe, in my conscience, 'tis something obscene:
 Consider, myself, and the Muses and Graces
 Must all quit the place; or, if not, hide our faces:
 Let those be prolix who are lawyers indeed,
 And briefly as possible let us proceed.

* Nothing but the well-known exhibitions of our Right Honourable HERO, in this particular, could possibly apologize for this assertion of MERCURY.

We want no enditement, he well knows the charge ;
I think there's no need on a rape to enlarge.
Then, culprit, immediately plead to the fact,
And tell us if guilty, or not, of this act.

CULPRIT.

Not guilty 'pon honour.

DIANA.

——How will you be try'd?

For statutes enacted must not be defied.

CULPRIT.

I SUBMIT to be try'd by the Muses and Graces,
And hope to find favour from their lovely faces.

DIANA.

DIANA.

THE Graces shall first then their evidence give :
So speak, good Aglaia.—

AGLAIA.

——Dear ma'am, as I live !

I aver he is guilty,—for that very time,
That he is accus'd of committing the crime,
I was with the fair virgin adjusting her head,
And attended her 'till she was forc'd to his bed ;
But a scene so indecent, no female could bear,
So I quitted the place in the height of despair :
While I stay'd, she her virtue with courage defended,
But 'faith, I believe, all was done he intended.

THA-

THALIA.

I WAS with her likewise, tho' by mortals unseen,
 Adding beauties and charms to her delicate mien,
 But follow'd Aglaia :—for every Grace,
 When rude riot enters, abandons the place.

EUPHROSYNE.

I, WITH my two sisters, attended the maid,
 And pleasure and joy in her features display'd ;
 From her eyes, streaming glories I order'd to flow,
 And gave to her cheeks an additional glow :
 But soon pre-conceiving the prisoner's wiles,
 I withdrew, with my dimples, my roses, and smiles.

CAL-

CALLIOPE.

I'LL attend 'till my sisters his crimes have display'd,
And then give the verdict, as being *Fore-Maid*.

CLIO.

IN keen Iambics, and heroic verse,
Clio will all the traitor's crimes rehearse;
Will, to posterity, the fact transmit,
With all the dignity of buskin'd wit.

ERATO.

I'LL cause him, by all mortals, to be hated;
By ev'ry wife and virgin foundly rated.

As

As I preside o'er love and marriage-vows,
If e'er he weds again, his wife shall plant his brows.

EUTERPE.

I WITH his shade, whene'er he dies, will go
To the infernal Stygian fields below ;
There, lash'd with scorpions, he shall ever groan,
Or roll, with Syfyphus, a pond'rous stone.

MELPOMENE

I'LL curse him, while he lives, with faded bays,
And make him scribble like the following lays:

“ Kind

“ Kind Inspiration, daughter of the Sky,
“ Descend from heav’n in pity, and declare,
“ If this sad breast eternally must sigh,
“ And only beat to sorrow and despair.”

POLYHYMNIA.

I’LL make him turn methodist, give him grimace,
And set him a chanting this hymn without grace :

All wicked folk will surely go
And burn in brimstone lakes below :
But for the holy there’s a place
With charming pap for babes of grace,

TER-

TERPSICHORE.

IF Erato should give him a stout pair of horns,
I'll furnish his toes with some troublesome corns :
In garret low-roof'd, I'll compel him to dance,
And caper as high as the fops do in France.

THALIA.

As a Grace, you remember, I spoke once before,
But now, as a Muse, I shall add one thing more.
Since I am protectress of each wood and grove,
I'll force him whole nights amid briars to rove :
The fairies and goblins, in mystical dance,
Shall scare the poor devil quite into a trance.

URA-

URANIA.

WHEN his soul with Euterpe is sunk down below,
I'll seize on his body, and up with it go ;
Whisk it quite thorough cold regions of air,
And fix it at last at the *Tail of the Bear*.

CALLIOPE.

Now I'll give the verdict :— He's guilty I vow.

CULPRIT.

ON my word, my dear judges, I cannot see how :
The Graces, indeed, swore the fact pretty hard,
But still I hope, Ladies, to find some regard :

D

They

They say I was rude,—yet they staid not to know
 How far it was possible rudeness might go :
 So, fair ones, you all must in justice confess,
 The most they can swear to is only a GUESS.
 Each Muse, with precision, has smartly gone through,
 Not the fact that I did, but what facts they shall do.
 My cause to the court then is humbly submitted,
 Expecting to be, as I'm guiltless, acquitted.

DIANA.

WHY, firrah, you've got a most villanous tongue ;
 Do you think maids immortal can ever be wrong ?
 You're guilty, I'm certain:—for sentence prepare :
 Can you think we'll forgive an offence to the fair ?

Tho'

Tho' Justice, sometime, to the world has been dead,
 And Truth, to their shame, before Falsity fled,
 Yet here, in full lustre, by all she's ador'd :
 This bow is my balance, this arrow my sword.
 Of life, from our judgment, you need have no fear.
 We mean not to turn executioners here :
 Yet, tho' our just sentence attacks not your breath,
 We'll punish much worse than by putting to death :
 Existence, depriv'd of content, shall remain,
 And mental be added to corporal pain.
 We doom you shall always be rack'd with desire,
 And no gentle nymph to extinguish the fire.
 But if, so abandon'd, some female you find,
 Who meanly, for gain, will pretend to be kind,

When

When you think to embrace her your powers shall die,
 And vigour, at thought of the extacy, fly:
 When high-mettl'd fancy brings pleasure to fight,
 And hope swims serene on the sea of delight,
 Disappointment shall rise in a furious form,
 And joy, with its image, be lost in the storm.

You've a fondness to frisk under Pindus's shades:
 We doom you shall never more enter those glades.
 To each invocation, you'll find a deaf ear,
 And thorough Parnassus no friendship appear:
 Tho' parch'd up with thirst in pursuing a theme,
 You never shall flake it in Helicon's stream.

Your

Your sentence is now irrevocably past ;
We've candidly try'd you, found guilty, and cast.

SHE said, and the pris'ner was told he might go,
When Hermes tript with him to S*****-Row.

F I N I S.

02

[The page contains extremely faint, illegible markings and bleed-through from the reverse side.]

